

As on a mountaine top the Cedar shewes,  
That keepes his leaues in spight of any storme,  
Euen to affright thee with the view thereof.

*Clif.* And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,  
And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,  
Dispight the Beare-ward that protects him so.

*Yong Clif.* And so renowned soueraigne to armes,  
To quell these traitors, and their complises.

*Rich.* Fic, charity for shame, speake it not in spight,  
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to night.

*Yong Clif.* Foule Stigmatike, thou canst not tell.

*Rich.* No, for if not in heauen, you'le surely sup in hel.

*excut omnes.*

*Alarmer to the battaile, and then enter the duke of Somerset and  
Richard fighting, Richard kills him vnder the signe of the Castle  
in saint Albons.*

*Rich.* So, lie thou there, and breathe thy last.  
Whats here, the signe of the Castle?

Then the prophesie is come to passe,  
For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,  
The which he alwaies did obserue,  
And now behold, vnder a paluy ale house signe,  
The Castle in S. Albons,

Somerset hath made the Wiffard famous by his death. *exit.*

*Alarmer againe, and then enter the Earle of  
Warwicke alone.*

*War.* Clifford of Comberland, tis warwicke calls,  
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,  
Now whilst the angry Trumpets sound Alarmer,  
And dead mens cries do fill the empty ayre:  
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,  
Prowd Northerne Lord, Clifford of Comberland,  
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

*Clifford speakes within.*

Warwicke stand still, and view the way that Clifford hewes  
with his murdering curtelaie, through the fainting troupes to  
find thee out.

*War.*

*Warwicke stand still, and stirre not till  
Enter Yorke.*

*War.* How now my Lord, what a  
Who kild your horse?

*Yorke* The deadly hand of Clifford  
Five horse this day, slaine vnder me,  
And yet braue Warwicke I remaine a  
But I did kild his horse, he lou'de so wel  
The boniest gray that ere was bred in

*Enter Clifford, and Warwicke  
fight with him.*

Hold Warwicke, and seeke thee out  
My selfe will hunt this Deare to death

*War.* Fraue lord, tis for a crowne  
Clifford farewell, as I intend to prospe  
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnass

*Yorke* Now Clifford, since we are  
Pe this the day of Doome to one of  
For now my heart hath sworne imme  
To thee, and all the house of Lancaster

*Clif.* And here I stand, and pitch  
Vowing neuer to stir, til thou or I be  
For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest  
Till I haue spoild the hatefull house

*Alarmer, and they fight, and Y*

*Yorke* Now Lancaster sit sure, th  
Come fearefull Henry groueling on  
Yeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prin

*Alarmer, then enter yong*

*yong Clif.* Father of Comberland  
Where may I seeke my aged father  
O dismall sight! see where he breath  
All smeard and weltred in his luke-  
Ah, aged pillar of all Comberlands  
Sweete father, to thy murdered Gh